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If our friends who favor us with manuscripts to on wish to have rejected articles returned the must in all cases send stamps for that purpose

#### Politics and Public Service.

No State, and no community, was ever yet advantaged by the bankruptcy of its railroads. New York has not escaped the infection of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S mania for destroying corporate property, and it is now reflecting profitably upon the consequences of its aberration. The law to destroy first and then to regulate public service corporations was enacted with the enthusiastic approval of the people and up to the present time has accomplished an infinitude of scandal and an enormous destruction of private capital as well as a vast inconvenience and meney loss to the public. Let the worst be said of the promo-

tion and capitalization of the local transportation of Greater New York, it was nevertheless giving the public the service it required. Its sins were acknowledged and it had an undisputed monopoly of their expiation. The losses they involved and the penalties they entailed did not concern the public. What the public was concerned with was the service afforded and the elastic and comprehensive five cent fare. An utterly incompetent and dishonest public service despotism has succeeded in arresting all development of our transporation system and in enormously increasing its cost to the people. Left to themselves the companies would have struggled along and found a way out of their entanglements without ever daring to intrench upon the transfer privileges. Now, thanks to the destructive proclivities of the Public Service Commission it costs many thousands ten cents to travel where a year ago it cost five.

So much for a specious reform movement undertaken for selfish and dishonest political ends. In all the professiona reform schemes that have afflicted this community there has been no such costly and ignominious failure as the Public Service Commission. Composed wholly of sons who could never command the same emolument in any calling or capacity naturally open to them, they are to-day a burden and a menace to the whole taxpaying public. Since they came into office they have not accomplished a single useful or constructive project. They have, on the contrary, completely checked all rational and legitimate improvement and immeasurably prejudiced the welfare and progress of the community.
We had a Rapid Transit Commission

once, composed of honest, competent and self-respecting citizens, men of the highest character and deserving in the highest degree of the confidence of the people. Their integrity and their public spirit were unassailable, but they were tied hand and foot by a discreditable and vicious prejudice, insulted and abused by a depraved and malignant press, and superseded out of office to give way to the precious political coterie which now presides over the destinies of our public service corporations.

# The Pious Gratitude of Sereno Elishe

Payne. Amid the thorns of politics the Hon. SERENO ELISHA PAYNE bloesoms like an unfading rose. His simple, hopeful and profoundly pious temperament has seldom expressed itself more edifyingly than h his little laud for our little brown brothers across the blue sea, if we quote correctly a noble ballad. Mr. PAYNE had moved to suspend the rules and pass, with the committee amendment, a bill to amend an act entitled "An act to revise the tariff laws of the Philippine Islands." The bill makes a few changes in the tariff on goods imported into the islands and esthes in every line a deep solicitude for the aborigines. What honest heart will not rejoice to see them borrowing the august and sacred principle of proection? The duty on silvered copper foil was 75 cents a kilo. It is now, for Mr. PAYNE's motion prevailed, 50 cents a kilo. The change was made to aid a Manila button factory, run by Filipinos and employing more than 100 Filipino hands. These gentlemen found that there was too much competition in the business. So they asked for this reduction in the rate on silvered copper foil, a aw material of buttons. We congratu-Ate these canny button makers of Manila. Lay they make campaign buttons and be exempt from campaign contributions The benefit of the change to the consumer of buttons is not clear, but consumers

Zaving thus attended to the outside o the Filipinos, Mr. PAYNE benevolently provided for their insides:

35 cents: Provided, That each and every gauge or wine litre of measurement shall be counted as a least one proof litre. "Cocktails, blackberry and ginger brandy, pe

A slight increase in duty, the intention

Whiskey, rum, gin and brandy, per proof litre

gauge litre, 35 cents. "Liqueurs, cordisis and all compound spirits no specially mentioned, per gauge litre, 65 cents."

tariff on wet goods correspond to the internal revenue law. Inevitably the fumes of the subject titillated the conventional sense of humor:

"Mr. CLAFFOR-I do not know what a litre Some of you on that side may. Nobody on this side knows how much a dram is, because we are no used to such things. We know very little about how much is contained even in a glass, and we know very much less about a litre and about proofs.

"Mr. HOUSTON-About three fingers. "Mr. CLATTON-The gentleman from Tennes says a litre is about three fingers. [Laughter. I do not know. It may be a gallon or five gallous."

The duty on agricultural machinery was removed. Why not give the American farmer agricultural machinery duty free? asked the wicked Democrats. De Mr. PAYNE and his Republican brethren love the Filipino farmer more than the American farmer? Mr. SHERLEY of Kentucky said in effect that the Manile button industry didn't amount to a button. If the Republicans were so eager to do something for the Filipinos, why didn't they give them a market here! We are unable to see that Mr. PAYNE answered these doubtless impertinent questions. But he did wind up in this burst of gratitude:

" I thank Gon that those Islands are attached us, that they may learn some new ideas from us and that the Filipinos are learning the valuable lesson of employing their labor at home to make those articles which they need, and every time they ask us to take a step in this direction I am in favor of it. [Applause on the Republican side.] That is the Republican idea; that is the Republican do trine." [Applause on the Republican side.]

Apparently Mr. PAYNE believes that before the American occupation the labor of the Philippines was employed abroad in making unnecessary articles. At any rate, the Philippines seem to be some what less grateful for being "attached to the United States than Mr. PAYNE is grateful in their behalf; and there are even some Americans who would be very thankful to get rid of them. But surely every American will be proud of a chairman of the Ways and Means Committee who can soar so easily from buttons to ecstasy.

Serious Affectation of Interest Regarding Campaign Funds.

After election there is no grave curiosity about the campaign contributions which the defeated candidate has enjoyed. We never detected any urgent or passionate demands for enlightenment on the subject of the sums contributed in behalf of Mr. ALTON B. PARK-ER in 1904. Nor, as a general rule, is the public much interested in the funds which the victor has had at his command.

When Mr. PARKER a few days before the election expressed the conviction that Mr. ROOSEVELT was deriving money support from the corporations he was promptly and vociferously denounced as an unqualified liar. The public-accepted the statement as sufficient and satisfactory and dismissed any further concern in the subject. It was apparently regarded as too unprofitable and too obviously negligible to warrant further discussion. Mr. PARKER was a reckless and desperate man, and that was all there was of it.

The matter was consigned to oblivion until President ROOSEVELT'S destructive campaign against the corporation interests supposed to have furnished him with campaign funds imparted to it a new and wholly unlooked for vitality. brated letter to Mr. SIDNEY WEBSTER made its appearance. Then it was disclosed that at the very time that Mr. PARKER was obliterated as a great and reckless liar Mr. ROOSEVELT had just succeeded in inducing Mr. HARRIMAN to raise an emergency contribution of \$260,-

000 for special use in this State alone. A somewhat belated interest in the money aspect of the late campaign was aroused, but it centred chiefly upon Mr. ROOSEVELT'S great presence of mind in a sudden and embatrassing contingency Indeed there is reason for supposing that his spirited and manly retort to Mr. PARKER was highly appreciated. Mr. PARKER himself was expected to admire it.

The public interest of the present moment in campaign contributions is, we infer, entirely superficial. There is a general feeling that they lose their importance and significance immediately after election. It might be that they would possess a different aspect if there were a law requiring their publication immediately the subscriptions were made. A little reflection will convince almost any one that this suggestion is not lacking in a certain force.

If in the present campaign Mr. Roose-VELT should be put in command of \$2,422,-000, exclusive of any special or emergency fund of \$260,000, the facts, if made known in detail as the sums accrued, would possess an extraordinary but decidedly vulgar public interest. Disclosed a year hence, after the Republican candidate has taken his seat, it would fail to create any excitement. It seems to us that the chief utility which the proposed publicity bill recently agitating the Senate and the House, not to mention the Administration and Mr. BRYAN, would possess is that it might deter Mr. BRYAN just before the election from calling Mr. TAPT an unprincipled and reckless liar-though there is no knowing what Mr. BRYAN may do under provocation. It appears that in the last campaign he actually took \$20,000 from Mr. T. F. RYAN and put it in his mouth.

# The Duel Here and There.

It was a sorry exhibition that a gentle man of France gave recently when he met on the well worn field of honor a Russian officer and potted at him with a pistol at an unsafe distance. The Russian gentleman was shot in the liver, an organ which a Frenchman should regard as of particularly high sensibility. What has became of the ancient and honorable exercise of sword play, so much more elegant, so discreet and so removed from the hazards of ill fortune? A wild shot from an awkwardly handled pistol might have slain a very important gentleman from France, whereas he who fights with the sword may, like the redoubtable BOULANGER face to face with the alarming Floquer, spit himself with impunity

Suppose these honorable persons of

of the amendment being to make the Wednesday had felt obliged to fight under the ancient code of Clonmel. The consequences might have been appalling, for that code specifies that "when the lie direct is the first offence the aggressor must exchange two shots previous to apology, or three shots followed by explanation, or fire on till one is hit." This is a highly dangerous mode of procedure, because if people must fire on till one is hit it is manifestly impossible to foretell whether the hitting will be in the liver or some less vulnerable spot, say the brain.

Turning the gaze homeward, however we perceive that on the same day two gentlemen of Baltimore fought what they were pleased to call a "duel" in a twenty-four foot ring with gloves. One of these gentlemen suffered the deep indignity of being knocked out. This was regarded as settling the dispute and the gentlemen shook hands. according to the Clonmel code this should have been only the beginning of the matter, for the ancient authority says, "If a blow be an answer to giving the lie the lie is merged in the blow which becomes the sole offence."

It seems, then, that the gentleman who was knocked out should now challenge the other Baltimorean to a real duel, to be fought with weapons not provided by nature. These have never been regarded as of honorable standing in the duel. If they had we may be certain that the unspeakable kick would on many occasions have silenced controversy. It appears that one of the Baltimore gensettled in the old but brutal American fashion. It is with pain that we note this wandering from historical accuracy when dealing with a subject involving so much delicacy of feeling and such rigor of etiquette.

The forming of a ring to decide sud den and passionate difference of opinion belongs rather to the established order of admirable British institutions than to the improvised methods of this young and inexperienced country. The early custom of this land was to set excited disputants face to face armed with bowie knives. The custom has fallen into disuse despite the fact that much could be said in its favor. We feel thoroughly convinced that at this very day a proposition to settle matters with bowie knives would clear the surrounding atmosphere of its superabundance of hot air and leave the neighboring hardware and cutlery shops unvisited.

#### A Persistent Offender.

With all imaginable delicacy we have previously called the attention of the Boston Evening Transcript to the fact that it is a systematic, persistent and unblushing pilferer of original news and editorial or semi-editorial matter paid for and copyrighted by THE SUN. No doubt other newspapers have suffered. This deliberate practice has been going on for months and years. A search of the Transcript's person on almost any day of the week (except on Sunday, when it is at church) will not fail to disclose a more or less bulky parcel of stolen goods. It is with unfeigned regret that we have

to say this publicly. For a long time THE SUN has maintained with regard to the continuous depletion of its property the same sort of forbearance-nay, Christian tolerance -as is occasionally displayed in polite commercial circles in the case of some aged and well dressed female victim of

incurable kleptomania. Before applying to the police, therefore, we suggest to the relatives of the Evening Transcript-if any there be who can exercise authority and restraintthe immediate adoption of effective means to prevent a scandal. Would it not be possible to commit this incorrigible old offender (of such pathetically prim and decent externals) to some pri vate reformatory institution?

# Mr. La Follette s Achievement.

We confess to a feeling of admiration for the senior Senator from Wisconsin. Opinions may differ with regard to his intellectual endowment, but as a sporting people we ought to be one in pride of his physical prowess. Eighteen and a half consecutive hours of talk-not uttered ratiocination, but sheer articulation against time, challenging comparison with all records of human endurance. Captain MATTHEW WEBB swimming the . English Channel, BARCLAY walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours, JACK JONES fighting 276 rounds in the prize ring, make no stronger appeal to the imagination than Mr. LA FOLLETTE talking against a currency bill from 12.30 P. M. until 7 A. M. in the United States Senate. It stands as the record for speech in the greatest deliberative body in the world, and there is no other man in the country-certainly not in the Senate-who is capable of such an achievement, unless it be WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

What makes Mr. La FOLLETTE's performance especially worthy of note and commendation is that except for quorum calls he talked extemporaneously without intermission. As his articulation is rapid, we calculate, allowing 200 words to the minute, that his product was 12,000 words an hour and 216,000 for the whole period, so that it was equivalent to reading aloud two problem novels; but a great deal harder, for Mr. LA FOLLETTE had to improvise material as he went along and no one was listening to him. Moreover, he finished in mellow voice and without turning a hair. He had not trained for the ordeal; in fact, was hardly out of the doctor's hands. Evidently his powers as a filibuster were but lightly tested, and it would be presumptuous to say that he could not have gone on for another day and a half. His diet consisted mainly of sandwiches cut very thin, sterilized milk, and new laid goose eggs, a point that will interest HORACE FLETCHER, the masticator, and EUSTACE MILES, the court tennis dietist.

The significance of Mr. LA FOLLETTE'S feat should not be lost upon the Senate parliamentarians. Hereafter the steering committee will have to pay as much attention to lung capacity as to logic. There will be other La Follettes, for no record of human skill stands very long, and some day a prodigy will appear be-fore whom the most statesmanlike meas-ure or the most cunningly contrived

compromise will collapse at the sound of a voice that is never still. Unless the Senate rules are changed to permit of law making by the majority, unless courtesy is qualified, there will come into the Senate, or collect in the committee rooms, little retinues of trainers, rubbers down and handlers regularly hired to prepare relays of Senators for long distance talks to defeat legislation obnoxious to professional reformers. The Senate is warned. Will it modify its rules and cease to be the greatest debating club in the world, or will it be talked to death?

### L'Arronge and the American Drama.

ADOLF L'ARBONGE, who has just died in Germany, was more useful to the dramatists of this country than were his successors. He was a prolific writer and many of his plays found their way to our stage, rarely with any credit to the German author. Had L'ARRONGE filled the promise of his youth it is doubtful if he would have proved such a mine for the adapters who helped themselves so freely to his work. His ideas might have remained as foreign to our stage as those of HAUPTMANN, SUDERMANN and the rest of the moderns.

But L'ARRONGE soon abandoned the characteristic vein that he displayed in My Leopold." It became very plain that he had no intention of continuing RAIMUND's attempt to ennoble the Volksstück of Germany, which still stands in need of alteration. Occasional sparks of the humor and pathos of middle class tlemen demanded that the quarrel be life showed themselves in some of the dramatist's later plays. But he had soon after his first success gone over body and soul to the school of Von Moser and Rosen and later Von Schoenthan. He turned out as freely as the best of them the comedies of modern German life, military, social and/business. These are familiar enough here. They were made up of successions of comic situations, never growing out of the clash of circumstances, but adroitly devised by the writers to fill out an evening's entertainment with a sufficient allowance of polite humor. Incidents never followed inevitably, but by the skill of the dramatist, and there was no trait of character revealed. Types were sufficient, and the only treatment of the questions of the day was casual and always in accord with the Philistine conscience.

L'ARRONGE chose the easier fame of this school, and Germany lost the dramatist who might have put her Volksstück into the realm of art. But it was a good thing for the American dramatist.

It would probably be a waste of time for the Hon. SAMUEL W. McCALL or the Hon. JAMES A. TAWNEY to apply to the President for such a certificate of merit as he has given the Oregon representatives for supporting My Policies

A blacksmith named WILLIAMS as a candidate for Governor of Texas pledges himself to support Mr. BRYAN for President in 1912 if he should suffer defeat this year. Mr. WILLIAMS is a very good judge of human nature. Mr. BRYAN would certainly be a candidate in 1912.

I am pleased to meet you all. I am not a stranger here, having visited the city to witness the Yale-Harvard boat races, sometimes to see Yale win and at other times to see Harvard victorious.—From a speech of the Hon. William H. Tarr at New London. "At other times to see Harvard victorious"! Mr. TAFT must have lost the capacity to blush.

#### PORTRAIT OF A GIANT ORATOR. Glowing Tribute to the Genius of Locke Craig of North Carolina.

From the Wilson Times. Mr. Craig was suffering with a cold and was some what hoarse, and consequently his voice was not as vibrant and as resonant and as mellifucent as we have heard it. But, nowithstanding these drawbacks, he made the strongest, ablest, most powerful address on this subject that we have ever heard. The address of Mr. Craig was indeed powerful and overwhelming in its logic, and irresistible in its argumentative sweep, yet it was rich, rare, racy and delightfully edifying, for the most exquisite beamings of humor glistened here and there like the chastened gleaming of mellowest moonlight upon the unrippled bosom of a sleeping lake. It was indeed a most brilliant production, lake. It was indeed a most brilliant production, for gems of richest metaphors and rarest similes sparkled like star beams when peeping through the foliage of a luxuriant tree, and his fancy was as roseate in its tinting and as sweet in its fragrance as the face of the earth when spring imprints upon it the passionate kisses of voluptuous sunbeams and makes it blush with all of the exquisite color-

ings of her luxuriantly blooming flowers. And so it will be seen that Mr. Craig is an i tellectual giant-a crowned king in the realm of loftlest eloquence—s man of rarest gifts and most brilliant attainments, of ripest wisdom and soundest sense, of big mind and tender heart, and grandly panopiled with those colossal power and magnificent accomplishments and respienden virtues which admirably fit him for that high spher of usefulness where his regal powers would shin forth in richest brilliancy and give addition glory light to the glittering tiars of America

The Case of One of the Innumerable Johns. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: A dear friend of mine who has endured all the hardships of mind that a wife of incompatible mould can evoke during ten long years of pseudo-intimacy has aroused problem in my mind that I trust THE SUN will solve for the edification of its readers.

Is there an unwritten law or an ethical obligation on the part of a wife to evince an interest in her husband's intellectual Jursuite? husband's intellectual pursuits?

In his case his place in the household has about
the same relative importance as the parior gas
jet; once a week, perhaps, the jet is turned on as a special occasion; illewise once a week he must stand and deliver the "wherewithal" and then

envelops him.

Like myself, and Keats of illustrious memory, in the days of his defenceless innocesice and pu-berty he was yoked with the senseless and ubiultous name of John. You might throw the calcium of your wisdom upon the wherefore of such names and illuminate the halls of progress with your explanation of their perpetual vitality and the smiting power of their medibority.

link back into the atmosphere of loneliness that

NEW YORK, May 80. Homestead Entry on Graveyard. Bases correspondence Denser Republican,
R. F. Wilson of this place will file on a piece of
ground on which is now located the Baggs cemetery. The land belongs to the Government. Wilaon will, as soon as he acquires title to the land, turn it over to the city. This will be the first time on record, it is eaid, where a man homesteaded a

The Compag Month. The Rose remarked, "How sweet to bell'in sure all persons will agree That June was simply made for me."
And blushed.

The Bride with rapture in her tone Cried out that she had always known That June was made for her alone. The Graduate remarked, " 'Tis so;

There's naught on earth I do not know. The Candidate remarked, "I'm grand; The Candidate remarks. I am the savior of the land;
This mouth was made for my command."
Nor blushed.
Molamburgon Whiche. Hebrew Urges His Cereligionists to Make

a Final Choice. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The other day at its borough hall, the Educational Alliance, the New York East Side celebrated the Joint memories of three well known Hebrew writers recently deceased. The most significant episode of the celebration was the virulent attack by the speaker of the evening, the Rev. Joseph Seff, upon the usurpation of the Jewish literary field by the so-called of the Jewish literary field by the so-called Yiddish Jargon, to the great detriment of the sacred language, the ancient, classical Hebrew. I say significant, for the speaker assailed the native idiom of the 7,000,000 East European Jews—which, by the way, he himself handled in a masterly fashion before a crowded assembly of Russians, Rumanians and Galicians, and up they rose with wild enthusiasm, men, women and children, to applaud their eloquent Maggid—when, elaborating upon his text, Genesis xxi., 9-10, and comparing Hebrew to Sarah, the legitiand comparing Hebrew to Sarah, the legiti-mate mistress of Abraham's household, while the jargon was likened to the overbearing concubine Hagar, he exclaimed with genuine passion; "Cast out this bondwoman and her son; for the son of this bondwoman shall

not be heir with my son."

The description here given of the psychical mood and the assimilative tendencies of the best elements of the 400,000 East Side very probably be somewhat of a revelation to those of my coreligionists who generally care very little for how the other half feels and thinks, manifesting their brotherly sympathy mainly in feeding, housing and clothing their poor cousine betw Fourteenth street and Chatham Square.

This much having been said on this score, for my part wish to transfer the above Biblical text from the linguistic to the re-ligious field, and an experiment to be tried in the near future will, let us hope, prove to the amasement of our pseudo-orthodox exthe amazement of our pseudo-orthodox ex-ploiters of the romantic sentiments of a few extremely rich Jewish gentlemen and ladies that the thinking elements of American Judaism are ready to drive out from the precincts of the synagogue, hallowed by the lofty docsensical interpreters, the scholastics of the Jewish middle ages and the learned Pharisees of the first decade of the twentieth century.

Jacob H. Schiff, on his recent return from Palestine, gave in the leading Jewish paper of England, the Jewish Chronicle, a vivid lescription of the utterly desolated state of affairs in the Jewish community of Jerusalem, where bigotry, hypocrisy and lark of a com-mon purpose are forming an unholy trinity.

where bigotry, hypocrisy and lark of a common purpose are forming an unholy trinity. For some time past the leading Jewish paper of Austria, the Oesterreichiache Wochenschrift, has been publishing weekly detailed lists, (full name, occupation and address) of those Vienna Jews who are leaving the Jewish commonwealth. Similar is the situation at Budapest and Berlin and even in England, France, Belgium and Holland and South America, where they form an insignificant particle of the total population, the Sons of Shem manifest their religio-social uneasiness by either holding aloof from the synagogue or prudently hiding their Jewish identity.

What, then, alls modern Jarael?

Why deny it? Modern Judaism has hitherto been unable to evolve a common spiritual platform in harmony with the spirit of our age, and hence we must not wonder that a great majority of the educated Jewish classes do not feel quite at home within the Jewish commonwealth as it is now organized, with its illogical blending of antiquated religious traditions, rites and customs and dead national issues of a past gone forever.

Nobody thinks of course, at least in this country, of breaking openly with the synagogue, but at regular intervals the wail comes forth from every Jewish pulpit throughout the land: "How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! \* \* The ways of Zion do mourn, because none come to the solemn feasts; all her gates are desolate; the priests sigh, &c. (Lamentations i., 1-4).

Whose fault is it, however, on the whole, if not that of the priests themselves?

I do not mean the sincerely orthodox rabbis of the equally sincere orthodox congregations of the equally sincere orthodox congregations of the east European immigrants. Although dating in 1908 and breathing the free air of America they are still living mentally in the Russia, Rumania and Galicia of the seventeenth or eighteenth century. I mean the reform rabbis, they who are aware of the great spiritual orisis which set in with Voltaire and in our own days reached its c they whose most radical representatives from time to time venture to the edge of the diving board but withdraw without fall at the critical moment, not daring to throw themselves before the assembled crowd into the refreshing

moment, not daring to throw themselves before the assembled crowd into the refreshing waters of religious truth and sincerity.

These, many of them learned and eloquent gentlemen, know quite well that "grown men cannot be kept in order by the bogies of their infancy" ("The Programme of Modernism," p. viii.) but they continue, nevertheless, to preach to college bred Americans in 1908 what their teachers taught them a generation ago in the old country.

Even the left wing of Rome long ago outgrew Doellinger and Newman; Tyrrell and Loisy, Murri and Fogazerro took their place. Protestantism itself craves a new Luther. Are we indeed nearer than we ourselves believed to the religious breaking point? Thus on a recent Sunday in our own city Cardinal Logue, the Primate of Ireland, and the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Aked preached, the one at St. Patriok's Cathedral, the other at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, in melancholic terms of the distress of the ship of Christ. The Cardinal exclaims:

The Church is not concerned for her own life,

The Church is not concerned for her own life, for she has the promises of Christ, and she will last till the end of the ages, but her children may go. The Baptist preacher exclaims:

The decline of Christianity is universal. In Eng-and, in France, in Spain, in Italy and in Germany we hear the same cry.

The spirit of the age has gone ahead, but we have made no progress in the old formulas, the old theology. We are afraid to speak of religion.

When we do so we speak with bated breath, spolo-

The Christian pulnit is indeed out of touch with the times. Everything has progressed except Christianity. Many thinking and progressive Christianity. Many thinking and progressive young men and women have been driven from the Church by the stupidity of the preachers. Compelled to a life of grinding poverty, treading always the same old paths of a thousand years, hidebound and restricted in our actions, we have become the laughing stock, parrots of dead Church cries instead of preachers of the living Christ.

laughing stock, parrots of dead Church cries instead of preachers of the living Christ.

Replace in these burning sentences Christianlty by Judgism and Christ by God and you have a faithful picture of the situation of the progressive wing of the American synagogue.

Our own college youth are indeed similar to their Christian companions, taking refuge in the camp either of outspoken atheim or generally speaking in that of agnosticism. The overwhelming majority of the 100,000 educated and well to do Jewish families of American extraction and with assimilating tendencies have only the loosest connections with the aynagogue, while even the relatively small "Remnant of Israel" does not support with all its heart and power the religious, educational and philanthropic institutions of the community. And, sad as it may be to confess it publicly, with the exception of the Jewish nationalists, i. e., Zionists and Itoista, most of us feel at almost every step we take in public or social life the heavy and tragic burden of the name of Jew which has been disfigured by the cruel prajudices of bygone ages and which in spite of our pride—call it national, racial of however you please—we could gladly exchange for another siogan which would sum up the only real reason d'stre of our separate existence throughout centuries and point at the same time to a sjorious mission in the present and future in our own behalf and in behalf of humanity at large. What modern Judaism needs, and above all, in this country whose soil is so favorable to every great and new lenterprise, however revolutionary! It may appear to the timid, is a national movement resolute to assume name and tenets of the sublime monotheistic programme of the ancient prophets of Israei.

The powerful group of men who are at the head of the Jewish commonwealth of this

theistic programme of the ancient prophese of Israei.

The powerful group of men who are at the head of the Jewish commonwealth of this country will after surveying conscientiously the entire situation and after having freed themselves of their own prejudices see that the only effectual way of ending the sheerly inextricable chaos which is our inheritance is the thorough separation of the religious and ethical truths of Judaism from their transient, tribal and national elements. May they not be afraid to inaugurate this redeeming movement, however far reaching and complex its consequences may appear. May they not be alrated the redeeming movement, however far reaching and complex its consequences may appear. It will, in the end, triumph without violent cataclysm, and, as the Modernists of the Synagogue, let us be confident that Monothesiam and Judaism will gradually become identical terms, and that we Jews will at least be rid of the social Cain sign which we have been patiently bearing throughout the ages. At any rate, let us cast the seed in the furrow. Time will do the rest.

NEW YORK, May 30. ISIDOR SINGER.

ls it on the map? No: it is only a place that Taft has pas

AGNOSTIC, JEW OR MONOTHEIST? DEVELOPMENT OF THE PRESS. Record of Sixty Years in Western Man

> From a speech by Henry S. Gers, editor of the Hampshire Gasette, on his eightiath birthday. The newspapers of western Massachusette have greatly increased in number since I came among them in 1845. At that time there was only one daily paper in this region, the Spring-field Republican, started the previous year.

> All the others were weeklies.
>
> Tabulated and compared with the papers now published in the four western counties the count stands: Hampden.....3 Pranklin......2

> It is not alone in the increase of the number of our local publications that we find occasion to note progress, but in the aggregate number of copies issued. There are no available data upon which to found an acou-rate statement of the number of copies of papers issued, either in 1845 or at the present time, but from what is known a reasonable

estimate can be made.

I estimate that the number of copies of weekly papers printed in western Massachusette in 1845 was about 15,000, and the one daily printed 300 copies. You may think that this is a mistake so far as it relates to the circulation of the Springfield Republican, but that is not so. Holland's "History of Western Massachusetts" says that when the Springfield Republican was two years old its circu-lation had not exceeded 300 copies; at the end of its fourth year it had risen to soo, and after the paper had been in existence ten after the paper had been in existence ten years, with no competition in the whole of western Magsachusetts, its circulation was only 3,400. In its first year Mr. Bowlea found his receipts about \$200 less than expenses.

At the present time the weekly papers here issue not less than 110,000 copies and the daily papers 90,000, in place of the 15,000 weeklies and 300 dailies issued here sixty-three years ago.

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The appetite for news, and especially local news, has increased enormously. It was not considered worth while in the days when one weekly paper answered the purpose of an entire neighborhood and was passed from house to house through the week to publish any local news. In 1812, when the "old church" in Northampton dedicated its new meeting house, the most imposing church edifice in the four western counties, the only reference to it in the Hampshire Gasette was a four line item in the last issue before the day of the dedication, stating when the ceremony would be held. There was no report of the proceedings in the Gasette, nor any mention of the event, though it was a most memorable occasion and there were 1,400 people present. It was probably thought that as all the people in the vicinity were present at the dedication and of course knew all about it there was no need of giving any report of the exercises.

It was in the years 1855 and 1856 that I first began to branch out in the line of local news. Up to that time there had not been in any paper in this region any classification of the local news matter, what little there was being put in promiscuously with the news from all sections. There had been no local correspondents from the different towns and villages, I organized, in a crude way, a system of local reporting. My efforts met with immediate success. The public were ready for it, and from that time on I made headway. I attribute much of the success I have met with since to this beginning of the cultivation of the local news field.

To show the little attention that was paid to the collection of local news in those years it may be of interest to mention that it was the custom of the Springfield Republican to make up from the weekly papers as they were received a brief digest of the events of the week in the different localities. There was in 1856 a murderous

Government Regulation of Private Income TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: I have been informed that the Commoner is paying more than a reasonable rate of interest on the investment in its plant. Is all gain above a reasonable rate a dividend on watered stock? Also that Mr. Bryan is charging much more for lectures than others who graduated at the same time and paid as much for their tuition. Many of them would lecture for \$10 a night. I understand that Mr. Bryan charges the public much more. Is this extra charge collected on watered stock? Mr vestment was not greater. It may be possible that Mr. Bryan is charging all the traffic

regulate business affairs in general. If so, would it not be a good idea to have the officials ascertain from a Caruso the next time he lands how much it cost him to obtain his musical education and not allow him to lect more than a reasonable rate of interes on the investment, provided he appeared in more than one State? Collecting interest on water, i stock should not apply to our orange growers, who in some cases are re-ceiving from 50 to 100 per cent. on the original

### REDLANDS, Cal., May 25. Two Names for the Same Book.

To THE EDITOR OF TRESUN—Sir: In your issue of this date I saw advertised a book entitled "The Avenger," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. I purchased the book, but on looking at it find that it is identical with a book by the same author entitled "Conspira-tors," published by the Copp Clark Company, Limited, Toronto, 1907, which I purchased in Montrea

two months ago.
Will you kindly inform me whether or not a constant reader of new books should be protected in buying books he has read before, under different titles, although they may be published in differen

PHILADELPHIA, May 30.

We suggest to our correspondent a possible explanation of what he regards as a decep-tion and an outrage on the book buying public. We suspect that when it came to reprinting the novel in this country it was found that the British title had already been covered by American copyright.

Dispelling Ennui in Missouri.

St. Charles correspondence St. Louis Times.
Peter Orth won \$5 this afternoon for carrying a
brick on his shoulder for ten hours without dropping it. He had made a wager that he could do it
and took the stakes to-day. Orth's performance gave rise to a wager by Edward Boston that for \$5 he could pile six bricks on the sidewalk, carry them across the street, re-

plie them and return, repeating the performance for ten hours without stopping.

Boston kept on through an electric storm to-day, undeterred by the wrecking by lightning of a church near him, and completed the task at 6 o'clock. He near him, and completed the tack at 6 o'clock. He collected the \$6 during the shouts of the assembled

Flour Buried in War Time.

Manassas correspondence Richmond Times-Dispatch.
While the grading of Main street in this town was in progress yesterday afternoon preparate receiving the macadam, which is being appl the streets, the workmen discovered that their picks

cavity.
Upon investigation it was discovered that a trenci to the depth of three feet had been dug, presumably during the Confederate war, and a number of barrels of flour put therein and concealed from the enemy on the evacuation of Manassas by the Con-federate troops.

A large quantity of barrel staves and a white substance resembling decayed flour were exhumed.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Str: As a veteran of '61-'65 I wish to protest against the ridiculous line of march of to day's parade and the hardship it imposed on the fast thinning ranks of the G. A. R. as well as on the "youngsters" of the Cadet Corp Riverside Drive is one long up and down hil march, and if those in charge of the arrangements had the least conception of the effort it was for some of the "vets" to climb Riverside they would probably go back to the old route, Fifth avenue which, to say the least, is well paved and not hilly.

Telltale.

Little drops of water, Little grains of sand; Show when boys go swin Heedless of command. The Citizen.

ed to nail a campaign lie

ROMAN ROLFDAYS. Personal Relations With the Past.

Copprish: 1908, by W. D. Houstle.
Roses, May 18.—One reason for wishing to be honest with the antiquities of Rome was that I was myself among the antiquities; and though my date was no earlier than the seventh decade of the nineteenth century, still so many and such cataclysmal changes had passed over Rome since my time that I was, as far as concerned my own consciousness, practically of the period of the Pantheon, say. The Pantheon, in fact, was among my first associations with Rome. I lodged very near it, in the next Plazza, so that if we were not contemporaries we were companions, and I could not go out of my hotel to look up a more permanent so journ without passing by it. Per-haps I wished to pass by it, and might really

have found my way to the Corso without the Pantheon's help.

I have no longer a definite ides why I should have made my sojourn in the very simple and modest little street called Via del Gambaro, which runs along behind the Corse apparently till it gets tired and then etops. But very possibly it was because the Via del Gambaro was so simple and modest that I chose it as the measure of my means; or possibly I may have heard of the apartment I took in it from wayfarers passing through Venice, where I then lived, and able to commend it from their own experience of it—people in that kind day used to do such things. However it was, I took the apartment and found it, though small, apt for me, as Ariosto said of his house, and I dwelt in it with my family a month or more in great comfort and content. In fact, it seemed to us the pleasant-est apartment in Rome, where the apartments of passing strangers were not so proud under Plus IX. as they are under Victor Emmanuel III. I do not know why it should have been called the Street of the Lobster, but it may have been in an obscure play of the fancy with the notion of a backward gait that I came to believe that in the many improvements which had be-fallen Rome, Via del Gambaro had lapsed into oblivion. Destroyed, some traveller from antique lands had told me, I dare say: obliterated, wiped out by the march of municipal progress. At any rate I had so long resigned the hope of revisiting the quiet scene that when I revisited Rome last winter, after the flight of ages, and one day found myself in a shop on the Corso, it was from something like a hardy trony that I asked the shopman if a street called Via del Gambaro still existed in that neighborhood. I said that I had once lodged in it forty odd years before; but I believed it had been iemolished. Not at all, the shopman said; it was just behind his place; and what was the number of the house? I told him, and he laughed for joy in being able to do me a pleasure; me, a stranger from the strange land of sky scratchers (grattacieli) as the Italians not inadequately translate sky-scrapers, If I would favor him through his back shop he would show me how close was upon it; and from his threshold he pointed to the corner twenty yards off, which, when I had turned it, left me almost at my own door. In that transmuted Rome, Via del Gam-

baro, at least, was wholly unchanged, and there was not a wrinkle in the front of the house where we had so journed so comfortably, so contentedly, in our incredible youth. I had not quite the courage to ring and ask if we were at home; but standing across the way and looking up at the window, it seemed to me that I might well have seen my own young face peering out in a somewhat suspicious question of the old eyes staring up so fixedly at it. Who was I and what was I doing there? Was I waiting, hanging idly about, to see the Armenian Archbishop coming to carry my other self in his red coach to the Sistine Chanel, where he was to hear Pius IX. say mass? There was no harm in my hanging about, but the of my being ground up against the wall there behind me if I was not careful. I could not tell my proud young double that we were one, and that I was going in the Archbishop's red coach as well; he would never have believed it of my gray hairs and sunken figure. I could not even ask him what had become of the grocer near by. whom I used to get some homely supplies of, perhaps eggs or oranges, or the like, then I came out in the December mornings, and who, when I said that it was very cold, would own that it was un poco rigidetto, or a little bit stiffish. The los on the pavement, not clean swept as now, but elopped and frozen, had been witness of that; but the ice was gone and the grocer with it. And where really was I? At the window up there, or leaning against the appe of the hurch opposite? What church was it, anyway? I never knew; I never asked. Why should I insist upon a common identity with a man of twenty-seven to whom my threescore and ten could only bring per-plexity, to say the least, and very likely vexation? I went away from Via del Gambaro, where the plety of the reader wil seek either of us in vain. In my earlier date one used to see the red

legs of the French soldiers about the Roman streets, and the fierce faces of the French officers, flerce as if they felt themselves wrongfully there and were braving it out against their consciences. Very likely they had no conscience about it; they had come there over the dead body of the Roman Republic at the will of their rescal President, and they were staying there by the will of their rascal Emperor, to keep on his throne the Pope from whom the Italians had hoped for unity and liberty. No one is very much to blame for anything, I suppose, and very likely Pius IX. had not voluntarily disap-pointed his countrymen, who may have expected too much. But then the French and been there fifteen years and were to be there another fifteen years yet. Now they are gone, with the Archbishop's red coach. and the complaisant grocer and the young man of twenty-seven in Via del Gambaro and the rest of the things that the sun looked on and will look on the like of again, no doubt, in our monotonous round of him To-day, instead of the red legs of the French soldiers you see the blue legs of the Italian soldiers in Rome, and instead of the flerce faces of their officers, the serious, intelligent, mostly speciacied faces of the Italian officers, in swesping cloaks of tender blue, verging on lavender. They are soldierly men none the less for their gentler aspect. and perhaps something the more; and a better thing yet is that there are comparatively few of them. There are few of the privates also, far fewer than the priests and the students of the ecclesiastical schools, who dress like priests, and go dashing through the streets in files and troops. I have an impression that one sees about the prepor-tion of Italian soldiers in Rome that one sees of American soldiers in Washington, or at least not many more. The barracks are apparently outside the walls; there you meet exvalry going and coming, and detachments of bereaglieri, or riflemen, pushing on at their quick trot, or plainer infantry trudging wearily. Certainly, in a capital where the Church holds itself prisoner, there is no show of force on the part of its captors; and this is pleasant to the friend of manand the lover of Italy for other reasons. In the absence of the military you can imagine that not only does the States not with an